



AN EXPRESS

FROM

PARNASSUS,

To the Reverend Dr.

JONATHAN SWIFT

Dean of St. Patrick's.

FROM the Mount of PARNASSUS November the Fifth.

The Muses assembled, to sing upon SWIFT.
APOLLO sat Judge to hear the Dispute,
And promis'd to give the best Singer his Lute.

Then CLIO with Gold string her Harp for the DEAN,
Resolving to sing to a much higher Strain;
She said, she consider'd the DEAN cou'd not bear,
The tinkling of Brass in his delicate Ear.
To his Verse I appeal for the Truth of the Fact,
In Numbers, and Musick, and Time so exact:
Cou'd I equal his Verses in any one Line,
The Lute you have promis'd wou'd surely be mine.

APOLLO was pleas'd, and EUTERPE began;
And much on the Prowels of HERCULES ran;
Of Hydras, and Centaurs, and Lyons she brags,
Of Triple-mouth'd Cerberus, Brass-footed Stags.
Yet thus she concluded, I freely must own,
That SWIFT is a Hero of greater Renown:
With the Quill of a Goose he a Monster did drub,
Nor was he oblig'd to the Help of a Club;
And when I explain it, the Reason is Good,
'Twas Heraldry false to lay Wood upon WOOD.

THALIA began and she Sung with Delight,
But finding the Subject for her was too bright;
She vow'd she cou'd never perform such a Task,
'Till Phæbus wou'd screen her from SWIFT with his Mask.
For Shame said APOLLO! These Words from your Lips!
Do you think that I will my best Poet eclipse?
Nor can I conceive you'd propose such a Case,
Except y' had abundance of Brass in your Face.

MELPOMENE

MELPOMENE sighing was ready to burst,
For ever to Singing of *Elegies* curst;
No wonder the Goddess did take it so heinous,
Since *Death* had in *Fetters of Brass* bound her *Genius*.
She often attempted, but found ev'ry Verse,
Was only a *Dirge* to be Sung at a *Hearse*.
She sigh'd and she sob'd till she quite lost her *Breath*,
For it wreckt her to Sing of so great a *Man's Death*.

TERPSICHORE Sung with much Joy and great Pleasure,
She threw by her *Pipes* and she alter'd her *Measure*.
She turn'd to her *Choir*, and told 'em her *Choice*,
Was to compliment **SWIFT** in a low-sounding *Voice*.
Be silent ye *Virgins* that wait round my *Throne*,
Because I shall Sing you a *Song* of his own.
This Trick she endeavour'd on *Phæbus* to pass,
By hiding her *Pipes* which were studded with *Brass*.

POLYHYMNE with Volume of Poems came next,
But all of a Suddain was greatly perplext;
Heart-panting---Limbs-trembling---with *Horror* she shook,
The Moment she saw the *Brass-Clasps* on her *Book*.
I'm ruin'd to see that a *Metal* so Mean,
shou'd be *Clasps* for a *Book* that was writ by the *DEAN*.
I'll tear 'em all off, and his *Pardon* I hope in,
Since for ever this *Book* to the *World* must lye open.

URANIA came next, and she tun'd the bright *Spheres*,
A *Song* she compos'd as sublime as her *Ayres*;
His Praises and *Virtue* so loudly she Sung,
That the *Colures*, *Equator* and *Zodiack* all rung:
But all her fine Singing was ruin'd alas!
Because she once touch'd the *Meridian of Brass*.

CALLIOPE open'd her tunable *Throat*,
So sweet her Expressions! So soft was her *Note*!
That *Phæbus* with *Wonder* transported stood mute,
And fully intended to give her the *Lute*.
But what ruin'd all the fine things she cou'd say,
She wound up the *Strings* with a *Common Brass Key*.

ERATO the lovely first rais'd her self high'r,
And told them she scorn'd the poor *Help* of a *Lyre*;
While others to gain you on *Instruments* play'd,
I only shall read you some *Verses* I made.
She shew'd them a *Poem* just come from the *Mint*,
And stol'n from the *DEAN*, but had ne'er been in *Print*;
A *Poem* which *SWIFT* on *Lord Oxford* had writ,
And so got the *Lute*, and *APOLLO* was bit.

